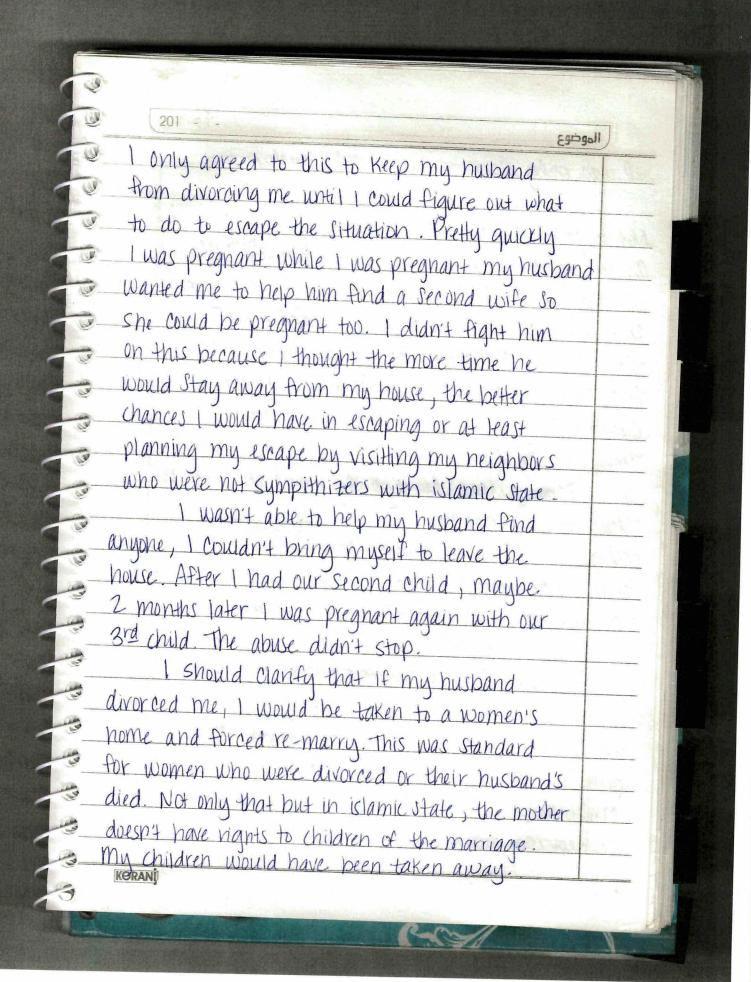
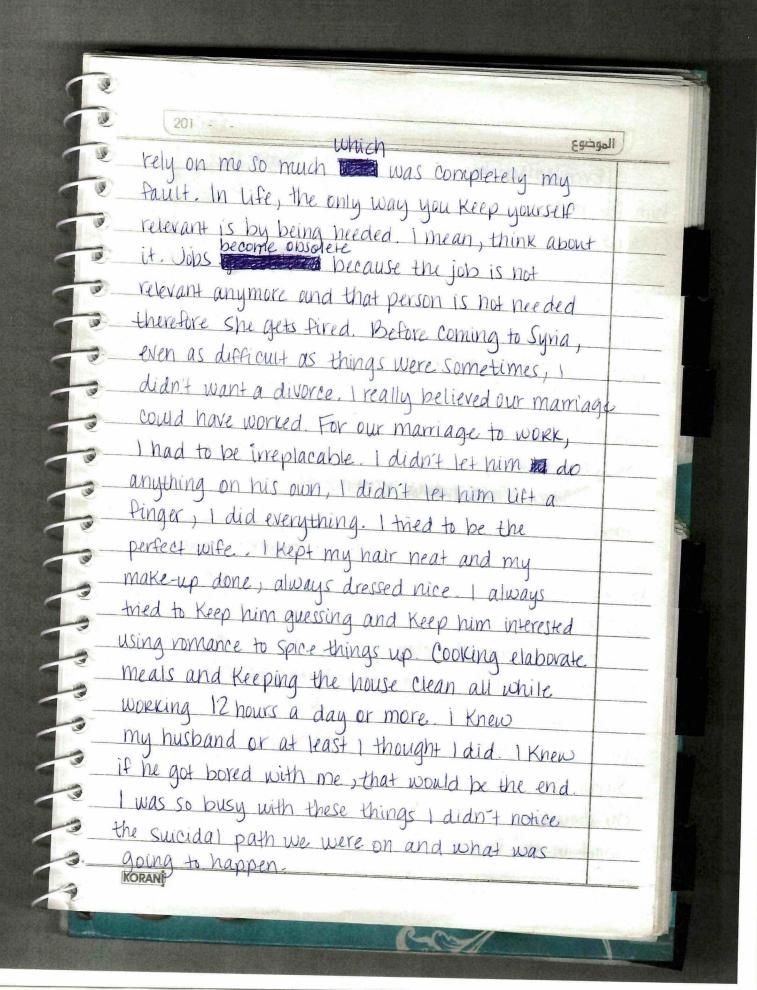


201	
One like turo piace il a	الموضوع
One life, two lives, three lives for	
"You must have babies so your life is n	ot
Land a Nove	
The doesn't know about this huge chore.	
We must replace the ones who have been ma	raped "
1 VICINIA II DANGBIO	
"I must spread my seed"	
the abest of selen to care to think has about	
I will average me that what +0	E
Steel	=
He'll never understand that his children didr.	0.4
even griere.	=
1111	6
that is up as a nowledge in islamic state	-
THE WALL IN INCHES	
10) JUST MAYER INVALENT	-
The state of the s	-
that wan one wife with the namary objection	
charter with the most child	
The siatus and other men looked I	
respect. I'm husband wanted to be	-
therefore my therefore my had a lat	
of children.	

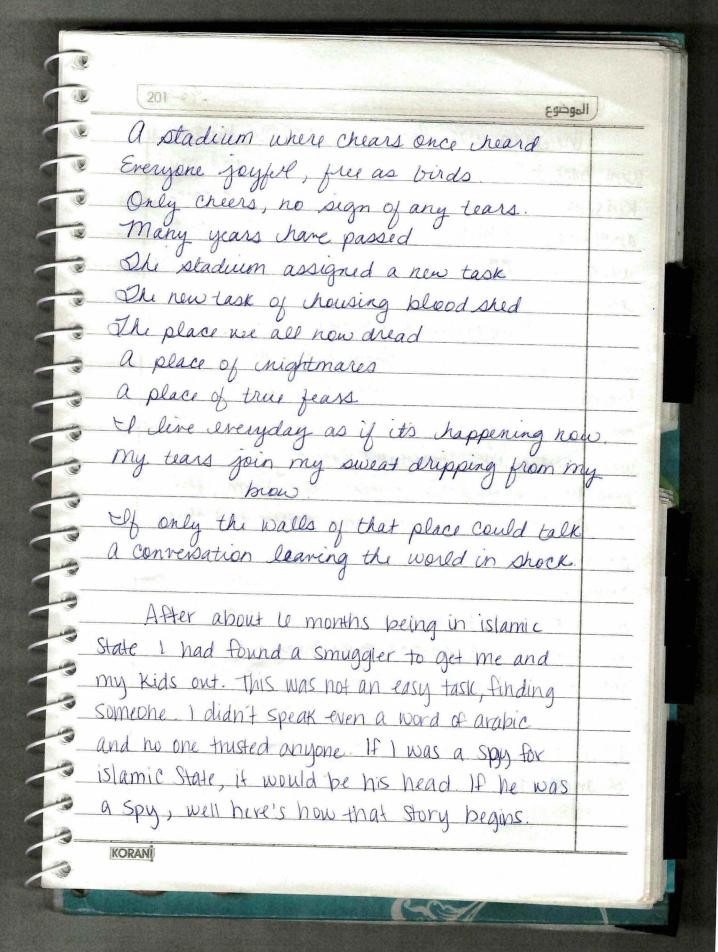


003	
201	الموضوع
I was only looking for a relate	ionship to
pelorn and not to fail	D. N
1007 to fall in love with another ma	n and then hail
and seed where pleased into a	hoartetel down
steeling crack pell petter of pumpi	no trama tours
of the period of the cha	prenera
eng says of the sword everyday	Sharpinian
ne was paid on control, ne	et trunt
our manage was bound to lend it	n hunt
The and the bunk of could ever for	give him?
How could to not know?	the trash bin.
How could of not know?	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
This was a life changing blow.	
oren in his death, the he does not	escape mu hote
I must take responsibility, its not	t all tate.
To sum up our relationship, look	ina back
was tooled by a man who bunded n	no Guen
going back before all the Syria bullsh	rit I'm
pretty sure now he only married me to	get his
attenship in the U.S. I believe the or	My reason
he kept me around is because he st	arted to
KORAN	4.718

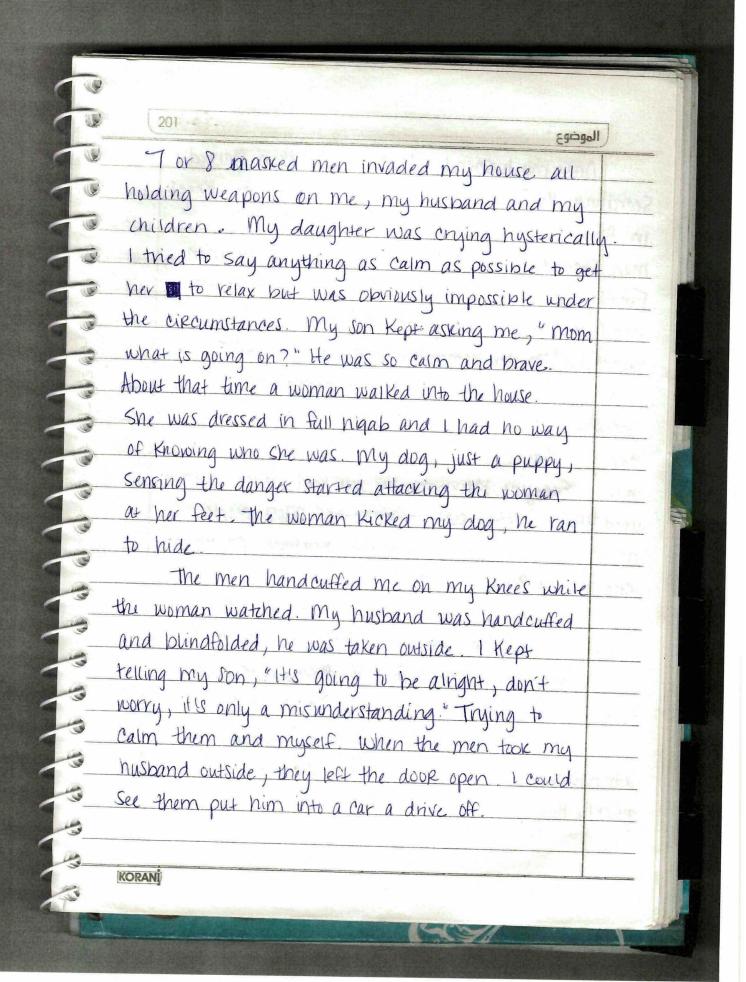


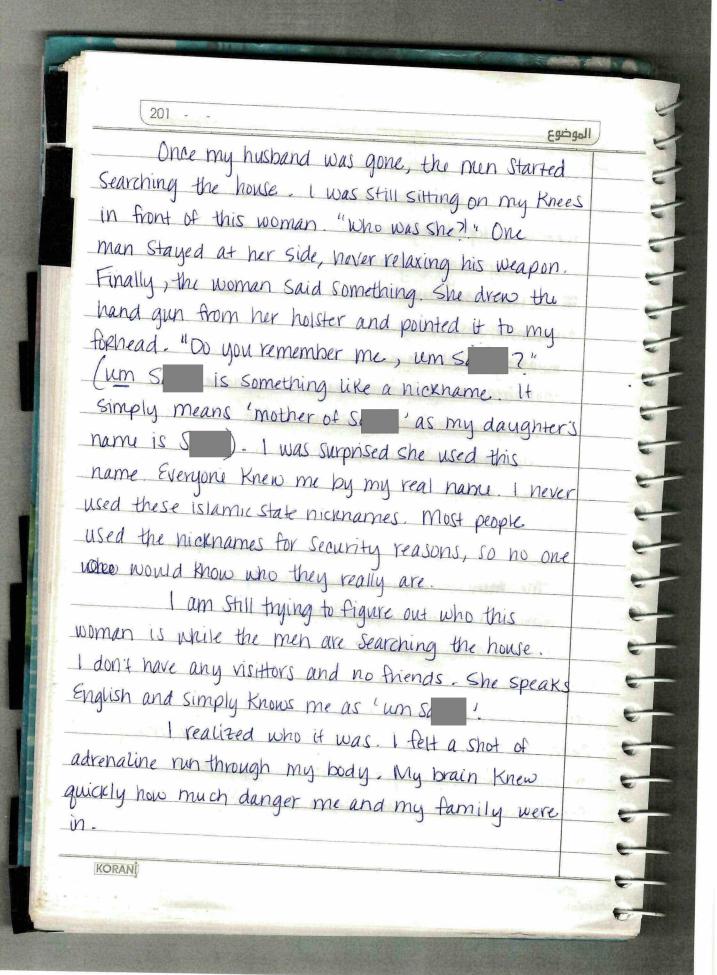
201	
Even after his death I cannot forgive	الموضوع
him for bringing us here, I cannot forgive him	ve
the lies and deceit and I cannot forgive him	for
putting me and my children through everyth	tor
these past few years. But most of all I'm no	ing
Sure I will ever be able to forgive myself. I	H
him was needing poison and everyday I wa	Ileding
dying. I look at myself in the mirror and I	IS
See I've aged so much. Thank God he made	
So easy to accept his death. At the expens	· Lt
my children I was trying to make our relation	e of
WORK.	on ship
things were "ou" I and with his quirky	
The water of I could deal with the in a dist	
and the drugs to be able to put my son through	y
college which was the plan. I thought I was do	1
the best thing by making our relationship wo	oung
and that's the truth. To have the best life for	RK.
us was the goal. Had we not ended up in	
Syria things probably would have Kept going	
the way they were. I could see us growing	-
apart in the future but staying married.	
KORANÍ	

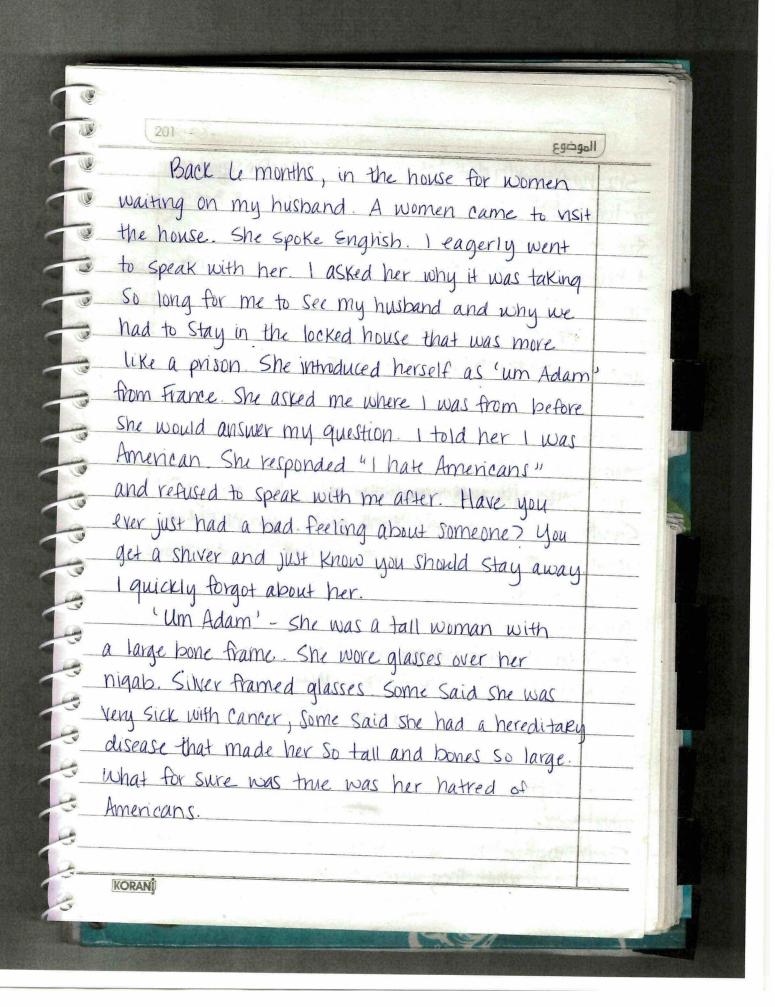
الموضوع My Kids Starting their own lives with their wife | husband and their Kids. I probably would have had an extra manital affair that my husband probably never would have found out about because he is to self-involved to notice anything about me. Why did I want this man to be the example for my kids ? I really don't know what I was thinking. Thinking back now, I can't remember what my plan was. I guess it doesn't matter now, all that has ended. It's definately time for a new plan. KORANI



201 The plan was the same day my husband Went back to "work" we would leave. The and my Kids would pack after he left as to not suspect anything. My husband would be gone at least a week giving us plenty of time to make our escape. 2 days before my husband was scheduled to leave, our house got stormed by the most feared police in islamic state, the Amneeyeen or the security men in English. Basically, the were Kind of like Homeland Security. There was no sort of justice system with them, the arrested people they knew were guilty and those people would be held until their punishment Carryed out. Punishment there was anything from prison sentence to execution. They had complete jurisdiction and no one could fight them. Basically they were more feared than God himself. OK, so the reason I was there? Of course, I was being accused as a spy. At the time of arrest, the door was kicked down. KORANI



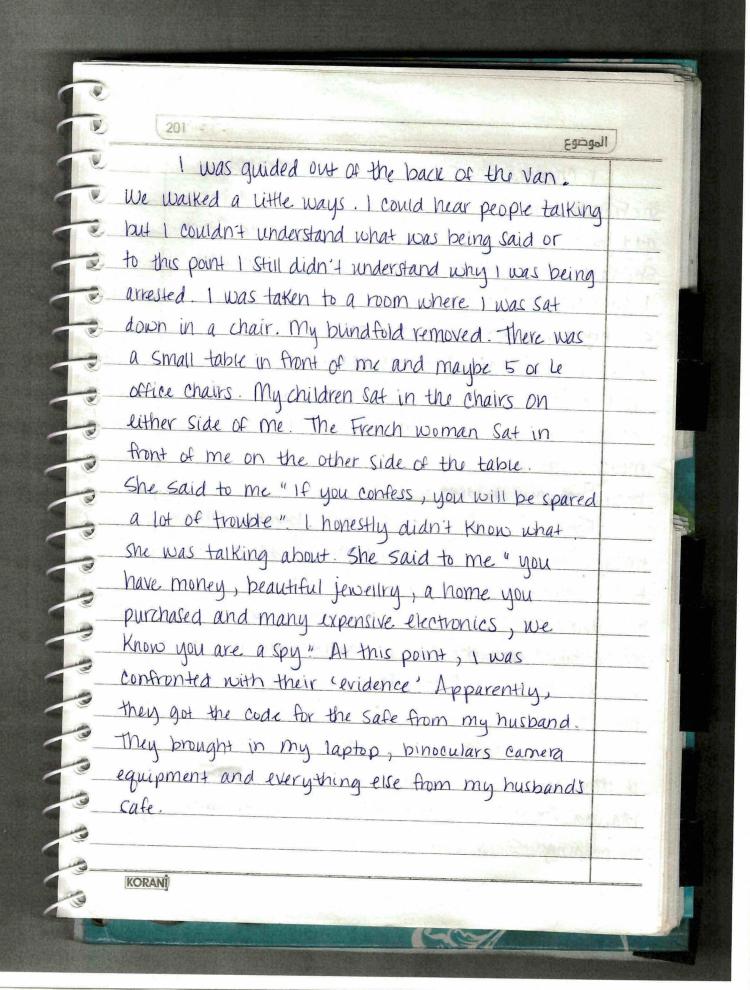




الموضوع 201
She had been living the jihadist life for quite
a long time. She had lost her husband and her
Son in American drone Strikes in Afghanistan
I believe. Now her and her other son were living
as jinadists in Syria.
OK, so back to sitting on me knees, handcuffed
and my children crying. Men teaking my house apart
looking for God Knows what. I Still didn't Know
why I was be arrested, I didn't know what was
going on I responded to the French woman's
question, "yes I do remember you, How are you?"
Something you must know about me, I am not much
of a crier or begger. Typically, I deal with situations
of fear or stress with Sarcasm. The French woman
felt may sense of sarcasm as I didn't try to hide it.
She responded by hitting me slightly hard with
the butt of her Glock hand gun. Right in the middle
of my forehead. She said nothing else and neither
did 1- mand and
Apparently, the men found what they
were looking for. They are to the
French woman and Spoke to her in Arabic. I couldn't
understand what they were saying.
ROWN

الموضوع She cocked her gun and pointed it to the side of my head, obviously eager to use it. She asked me "where is the Key?" I immediately knew she was referring to the Key to my husbands safe where he kept all our money, jewellry and electronics. I told her I could give her the Key but I couldn't open it because the safe required a code AND a Key. I didn't know the code. I only knew where the Key was. What I was saying to her was the truth, i'm not sure why she believed me but seemed She did. She told me to tell them where the Key was I told her it was in the Kitchen inside a jar of candies on the top shelf. The men went 14to the Kitchen, I could hear them breaking all the spice jars opriously, just throwing them on the floor breaking them looking for the Key. The men came back, no key. She apparently told the men to pick me up off the floor. They did. She put the gun to my back and we walked to the Kitchen. Once we made it to the Kitchen, She shoved my head against the wall and shoved the barrel of the gun to my temple. KORANÎ

She pushed very hard and asked me again, "Where is the Key!" I frantically started telling her " It's here, I swear it's here! Just let me look". She took of my handcuffs so I could get the Key. I reached up to the top snelf and pulled down a jar of candy they didn't see. One man took it from me, threw it on the floor breaking it and retrieved the Key from the broken glass. I was then blindfolded and re-cuffed and they were guiding me as I walked. As we walked past my children they were crying, I could pear them. They were so scared. The men guided me to a van, I saw it waiting outside before. A plain white van They guided me into the back. My children were prought out to me. My daughter quickly jumped in my lap where I was sitting on the Ploor of the back of the van. We Started driving. Eventually, we made it to our destination. I had no idea where we were but it sounded like we drove into some sort of garage pecause the sound or the vehicle had an echo, like pulling into a garage. KORANI



201 -Changed the subject. I complimented " the French woman on her designer glasses and her gold jewellry and expensive non-standard issue Glock. She said " thank you, these were all gifts from my son." I Said to her "Then your son must be a spy" She hit me very hard in my face. " what a gross accusation, American." I was again blindfolded and taken to a jail cell with no toilet, no blanket pillow or bed. A closet with a steal door, barely enough room to sit down. I didn't know what had become of my children. Food once a day and no toilet breaks. Many times I had to soil in my food plate in an attempt to Stay Clean. I was not allowed a Clean plate the hext day. Every now and then someone with a little mercy would open the door so I could wash my plate and use the toilet. Many days would go by between these merciful visits There was a 10 inch speaker in the roof of orny jail cell where guran would be blanna 24 hours a day. So loud my ears would be popping. Sleep would be impossible. KORANI

الموضوع Every few days I would be taken for interrogation. I was introduced with a fake confession from my husband who was apparently in jail as well. They told me he had been executed due to his confession. They told me that my children would be sold on the slave market as they were the children of non-believer. The beatings and electrocution and threats aidn't effect me much anymore. Yes, I was scared but it didn't matter what said they were going to do whatever they wanted. Many times they would tie my hands up to the ceiling, take off my clothes while I was still blundfolded and beat me like a piñata. I was 7 months pregnant. While they were beating me and electrocuting me in the belly, they Would ask me things like "does your baby move when we do this?" Or they would say things like "I like the way you scream" Each time when they were finished, taking me back to my cell beaten and bloody. I was forced to watch them execute another Woman. From my cell listening to men screaming KORANI